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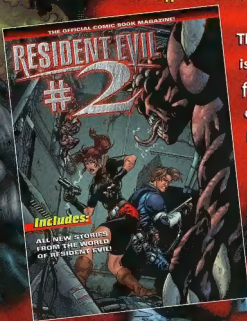
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Hey, kids – It's summer time! Wahoo! Among the countless things I love about this time of year, near the top is that it's convention season! Comics that is!

Even though Heavy Metal and crew usually keep a low profile in them, I like to attend as many as possible, just as a fan! Maybe I'll see you around.

But my all time favorite show and one the company will attend with bells and whistles, is the 1998 San Diego Comic Con. This year it runs from August 13 to 16th. And besides myself and the rest of the HM crew, we'll have Julie Strain, Simon Bisley and Luis Royo all signing at the booth. Hopefully Julie Bell and Boris Vallejo will attend as well, but they have yet to confirm at press time. Either way you've got to stop by and say howdy, grab an autograph and check out the latest cool stuff we'll have for sale.

In this month's issue we've got some way cool stuff for you, but hey, don't we always?! Instead of just teasing you with those Azpiri short stories, this time he's doing the feature story! Now tell me that ain't cool!

Besides the infamous Royo who once again graces our cover, (thanks dude) we're featuring sculptor extraordinaire Claybourne Moore in our Gallery section. Once you see his amazing work you'll understand why we wanted to work with him on the Heavy Metal: F.A.K.K.2 toy line.

As always, we've got a great selection of short works to turn up the volume and round out another killer issue. So as always, thanks for taking a ride and we'll see ya next time!

Kim Eastman

Dear H.M.,

Since I am not a "hard-core comic fan," I have to say that the craziest thing I have ever done was approaching Simon Bisley for an autograph. Yes, I came away with my limbs and entrails intact. And yes, I got his autograph. Fall 1995 San Diego Comic Book Convention. I was hanging around the Vertigo booth when I saw Simon Bisley on the floor with another person. I have never seen him in real life except for that one picture of him on the back cover of the Stein graphic novel. But there was no doubt, it was him. It so happened that I had just purchased a Simon Bisley page and I decided that it was a perfect opportunity for me to get his autograph. So I mustered up all my courage, threw caution to the wind, approached him and said, "Simon, could you please sign this for me?" And Simon being Simon replied, "Dude!!!!!" Somehow I was not surprised by that, but what surprised me was when he asked, "Do you have a pen?" Of course I did not have a pen on me. But he was very nice to me and told me to go get a pen so that he can sign it for me. Wow!! That saved me away. So off I ran back to my car in the parking garage, got my pen, went back to him, and got the page signed. Thank you, Simon.

Gene

Dear Gene,

That's a great story, it sounds like you were one of the lucky ones! Simon gets to the states so rarely and we miss him – the good news is you'll be able to see of Simon again this year at the 98 San Diego Comic Con! So stop by the Heavy Metal booth and say howdy! See you there.

Dear H.M.,

In the past few months I have developed a keen interest in the fantasy genre and have studied some of your magazine's more recent issues as well as some from the past two decades. No doubt, these writers and writers who contribute some of the best work to each issue exhibit a special quality of craftsmanship and imagination; the sort that demands a gut reaction from any observer. A true connoisseur of human emotion... and a very stirring ensemble of artistic reflection. Tell me if I'm guessing incorrectly here, but you must possess a bit more syncretic mind than most. I mean, the scope of the material you sort through must be amazing. And the enormity of it all! If I had that job, I don't think it would be very long before I began to suffer from "acute perspective envy". More than a week, two at the most and I'd be a hopeless chronic. Man, what a load that must be! Well, I suppose that except for this short bit of correspondence, but before I finish let me add that Simon Bisley's most recent cover was really an "eye-opener". I know this is strictly on the QT, but in my opinion his work really is HEAVY METAL! I mean, the guy is just pure art on when it comes to the idea that the words Heavy Metal convey to a mind. Hey... what are his middle initials... H.M.? (w/ahh) doubt it for a moment!

Doyle

Dear Doyle,

Great letter and I had to respond because you've commented on my favorite part of the job! I absolutely love going through the piles of foreign publications and submissions mainly because I love the art form – but also because it's so exciting to find new cool work to bring to all you loyal readers! Regarding Bisley's middle name, yes I do believe it is "Heavy Metal" and last I heard he was trying to get it changed legally to just "Heavy".

Dear H.M.,

With all the F.A.K.K.2 stuff in the magazine throughout '97-'98, I feel as though I'm some sort of alternate adviser, although of course the advice has remained inside my skull until now. Two specific factors are involved in my writing at this precise moment. First, I just received the issue with the Bisley Biker Chick on the cover and using that as motivation, I thought I would just share a few abbreviated opinions all this time and reserve the right to be more specific at some point in the mysterious future. With the exception of a brief period when the magazine went from a monthly to four times per year, I've had a subscription since the early 80's. I'm probably one of your older readers and I saw the first movie at a drive-in in the early 80's. It was a religious experience for me, I very much look forward to the sequel. Obviously, Mr. Strain is a great choice as the human inspiration and in my humble opinion, Bisley's F.A.K.K.2 work is absolutely gorgeous. I've got one specific request: I realize that you've got lots of nifty merchandise for sale, but by me, postcards are particularly precious. I'd be quite pleased to have a F.A.K.K.2 Bisley postcard book.

Peter

Dear Peter,

I'm grateful you finally decided to drop a note! As for a response to your thoughts, in what is turning out to be an all Bisley letters column, if you liked Kim's March comic story going to book over his brand new series, Simon Colwell's starting this fall. Oh, and thanks for the postcard idea – we'll see what we can do.

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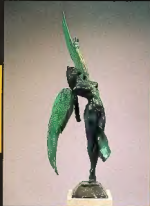
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Clayburn Moore, founder of Moore Creations, has been working professionally as a sculptor since 1985. He received his BFA from the University of Texas at Austin and continued his classical education at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy where he focused on developing a style that is both anatomically precise and visually creative. His beautifully executed bronzes are well known and appreciated in both the science fiction and fantasy field as well as in galleries throughout the United States. His reputation in the science fiction and fantasy industry led to his being offered sculpture contracts for Marvel Comics, D.C. Comics and Dark Horse Comics.

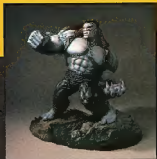
Eventually Moore began an association with Image Comics which resulted in the powerful Savage Dragon sculpture, which was soon followed by Ripclaw and Grifter for Image Comics, Lady Death for Chaos! Comics, Shi for Crusade Entertainment and the monstrous Pitt for Full Bleed Productions. Clayburn Moore's corporate entity, Moore Creations, administrated and coordinated the manufacturing and all related aspects of production as well as advertising and marketing for the Savage Dragon, Ripclaw, Lady Death, Shi and the Pitt sculpture projects. All are sold-out, highly sought-after prizes in the collector's market.



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Clayburn Moore is the winner of multiple awards including the prestigious Science Fiction and Fantasy Chesley Award in 1992 for "Celestial Jade", the 1994 Eisner Award for "Death" and most recently the 1994 Chesley for his "Pitt" bronze. Two of Moore Creations sculptures, the Shi cold-cast porcelain and Pitt bronze statuettes have been selected for inclusion in the prestigious design book Spectrum 3: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art.



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Jeffrey Goldsmith Interviews Rand Miller

Myst has sold a record five million CD-ROM's since its release five years ago. Riven, its sequel, has similar captivating qualities, but it's even better. That's because advances in graphics and sound and processor speed have allowed Riven to become the richest world - not a game - ever built for a computer. Why a world instead of a game? Because it's a world to explore, not a game where you score points or blow up aliens. And by the end of this year, the Riven world will be available on the even more advanced format, DVD, allowing even better music and graphics. What will Riven's creators - the brothers Robyn and Rand Miller and their creative partner Richard Vander Wende bring us five years hence? Rand Miller isn't saying.

JG: Would you consider setting an action game in the Riven world?

RM: When you say action game, people have preconceived notions. They think of Tomb Raider II or Goldeneye. Honestly a bigger challenge would be: "How can I do with that technology what we did with Myst or Riven something that appeals to people who want to explore?" I think

entertainment is this need to explore. That is what storytelling is. Somebody has explored and they are giving you what happened to them because you can't do it yourself.

JG: Every story is a mystery at its lowest level.

RM: Right, right. In any medium, there has got to be a story. And when people are serious at storytelling, there is also some element of truth.

JG: Do you mean a universal truth, like Isaac Asimov's *Moby Dick*?

RM: Exactly. There are the people we think of as artists. That is something everybody should strive for. Master your craft enough where suddenly you can put in some truth.

JG: Well, what is the truth in Riven?

RM: There isn't enough truth. I don't know if we have mastered our craft. That frustrated us. We spent so much time with technical issues that we weren't able to add elements of truth. Robyn, Richard [Vander Wende] and I have discussed how we want to do that. That is where we want to go next.

JG: Well, have you, though, about using artificial intelligence to

create characters you can talk to?

RM: Well, yeah. Characters make storytelling come alive. But on a computer, characters can have the opposite effect. They are always flat. They can be very vague, too.

JG: Have you heard of a company called Neuremedia? I worked for them for a short while. They have a tool called NeureStudio for making virtual robots.

RM: Yeah, that is where I'm going. I don't know that it's "there enough" yet not to break the spell. I mean, have you ever heard of the Turing Test?

JG: Sure. [According to Alan Turing, a computer can only be called intelligent if it can convince people talking to it that it is human.]

RM: Obviously, I don't think we are there yet.

JG: By "break the spell" you mean that people will think "This is just a robot."

RM: Right. In my opinion, when you can make them think it is a real person, all those preconceived notions go out the door. Suddenly it is real. And, I'm not saying that is real intelligence. I am saying you can fake people out with that kind of stuff, but it might be a little while until that happens. Until then, I think multiplayer games can suffice. If there's a real person in the game, they won't break the spell. They respond in an intelligent form.

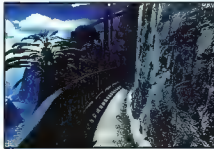
JG: There is a multiplayer role-playing game in the Riven world part of your future plans?

RM: We don't have a plan that locks us down to any one particular thing. I often get asked where I think this is going. Everybody talks about convergence, and convergence in my mind applies to medium and hardware. Equipment converging allows diverging of forms. There will be single player adventures that satisfy us. There will be multiplayer interactive real-time games to satisfy us on another level. It is the same as having a football game and a rock concert. Both are entertaining on a different level. So, I'd like to see the multi-player thing, but I don't know that that is the next thing. I do know one thing. We enjoy building worlds. If it makes good entertainment, if it is more than just surface, it is storytelling. Storytelling is a larger world than a particular medium lets you see. For example, the book *Lord of the Rings* [by Tolkien] appears to be only a small window into a larger world. You get the feeling there is more.

JG: Or the pieces of *Star Wars* you've seen.

RM: *Star Wars* is the other perfect example. The first movie started with Episode Four, for heaven sakes. There is something bigger behind that movie and that is the key. Because, I think you are seeing it exploding, that gives you the impression this is a real exploration. "This is a real place," your mind suddenly says, "Oh, man. I am only seeing a piece of this place." What is out there draws you further in.

JG: Is the world of Riven somewhere you would like to go if it existed?





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RM: It's real life! To be honest with you, what we are doing is satisfying the need to explore in a amusement park. It is a roller coaster ride.

JG: It's a vicious travel. Have you ever been to an island like this? Hawaii for example:

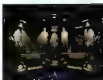
RM: Oh, yes. But, it is still safe. Everybody wants to be safe, even the most radical guys cheating death at every step. Their point is to cheat death, not to kill themselves. So, when I go to Hawaii, I get the coolness of scuba diving, but it is safe. It has been tested. People have done it before. But there's that risk that I am under 100 feet of water and if I go up too fast my lungs will explode. It is the exploration experience that I am after. I learn, I experience, I expand my world.

JG: There's a final question I have to ask you. Is there a relationship

between your beliefs and your creations?

RM: Yes. I believe the world we live in was created, was designed. I don't know the exact method. I don't know how much was evolved or not, but the more I build my own worlds, the more I am amazed at the one I live in. Our worlds are nothing, stained glass and a pretty picture of a tree, yet outside that glass window there is a real tree. That tree works down to the lowest levels and is a living thing that I can't comprehend. The deeper I look, the more complexity there is, and that is amazing. We could get into the whole debate. Did God use evolution? Did God do it in seven days? To me, that is ridiculous.

Truth is revealed by science as much as by revelation. God even says, "Look around and I am revealed in those things." If the universe appears to be 15 billion years old by every measuring stick, that has to be it. God is not trying to fake us out. He is trying to trick us? "Ha, I got you." That's ridiculous.



Not long ago, there was talk of 500 channels. An amazing future! More crap on TV than ever before! However, most of us still get less than 100 channels and that's more than enough. But there are a growing number of channels in a parallel universe, on the web. Yes, today those channels are mostly audio, but video is slowly coming. And yes, the broadcasts do sound like they did back in the days when people huddled around their radios and listened come an evening. Don't worry, though, given the pace of media convergence, we at Heavy Metal will be delivering your choice of audio or video directly into your brain soon enough. With so many choices though, what's a brain to choose?

My brain chose Miles Davis from www.netradio.net, an Internet-only broadcaster of live and prerecorded audio. Netradio.net does not have an antenna spewing electromagnetic signals over the airways. Just an office sending data through a heavy duty wire. You tune into Netradio's data with the RealAudio plug-in, which you can download with Netscape or Internet Explorer from www.realaudio.com. The data contains Jazz, Pop, Country,

Electronic, even samples of CD's you can buy. At least once in your life you heard something cool on the radio, then said to yourself, "I'll be sure to look for it the next time I go to the store." I don't know about you, but I always forget. Now you can just click, type in your credit card and address and the CD arrives in your mailbox.

What can't arrive in your mailbox are live broadcasts, like the ones broadcast from The Blue Note in New York City. The web site www.audiom.com lists such shows, so that they can make money through advertising. Audiom.com doesn't "webcast" they just sell the presence of your eyeballs while you search for live shows or radio stations from Maryland, Finland, Switzerland. Thousands of real radio stations - the kind with antennas - simulcast over the net, and millions more will join in soon enough, but web casting is not an exact science.

Here's a case in point. I chose BBC News from audiom.com's listings. BBC advertised another site to me even before the audio stream delivered the main event. Two commentators reading a mail

from all over the world regarding the dangers of multinational corporations. I don't think I would have listened if I were not writing this article. Now it sounded like the commentators said goodbye from inside a can of pineapple juice, and it was time for news on the hour. The BBC horn section came up like it always does, as if from another era, but then my RealAudio player bled out with "Net Congestion." The signal got choppy, the advertising came back on, and I got disconnected.

That wasn't as rude as Rush Limbaugh, who is also available live over the internet. And it won't be long before Rush realizes that a little Connectrix camera atop his microphone will allow everyone with a modem to watch his fat head bob while he rants. If he's a Seinfeld fan, he already knows that. At www.seinfeld.com, you can watch video clips no bigger than a business card after you download the plug-in. NetShow. Maybe you'll already have to buy into Rush's crap before you'll want to see his fat lips actually spewing it. That's because the quality is so low and the flow so choppy at www.seinfeld.com that you pretty much already have to be a fan to appreciate the tiny fuzzy moving picture.

That said, video is coming to the web, fast. The growing number of networks beginning to offer breaking news video clips, and

news archives, is a testament to the fact. However, the buttons that allow you to choose your connection speed, generally 28.8, 56k, ISDN or T1, is a testament to the fact that the faster your connection is, the better quality the image you'll receive.

And millions of channels are coming. Yes, today's slow and uneven connection speeds make it hard to dish out Saturday Night Live, but as modem speeds increase as will happen dramatically over the next year or two - and as computers and televisions converge and become one - every day will become Saturday night. And every show will become its own channel.

And everyone will be able to broadcast, just like Rush Limbaugh. Buy a Connectrix camera, register www.youtube.com, then we'll have to choose from the millions of channels between a show from a multinational media corporation and a video image of you.

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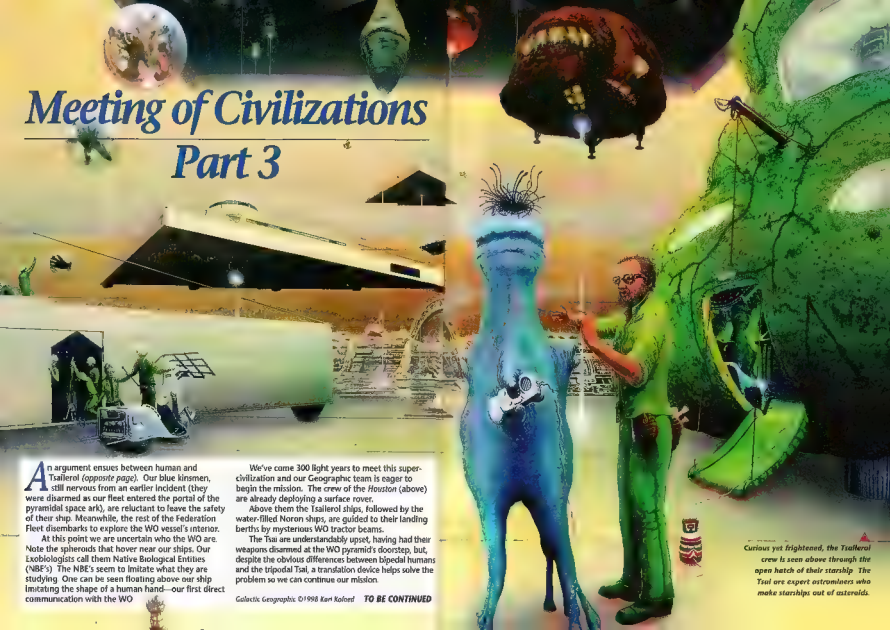
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Meeting of Civilizations

Part 3



An argument ensues between human and Tsailerol (opposite page). Our blue kinsmen, still nervous from an earlier incident (they were disarmed as our fleet entered the portal of the pyramidal space ark), are reluctant to leave the safety of their ship. Meanwhile, the rest of the Federation Fleet disembarks to explore the WO vessel's interior.

At this point we are uncertain who the WO are. Note the spheroids that hover near our ships. Our Exobiologists call them Native Biological Entities (NBE's). The NBE's seem to imitate what they are studying. One can be seen floating above our ship imitating the shape of a human hand—our first direct communication with the WO

We've come 300 light years to meet this super-civilization and our Geographic team is eager to begin the mission. The crew of the *Houston* (above) are already deploying a surface rover.

Above them the Tsailerol ships, followed by the water-filled Noron ships, are guided to their landing berths by mysterious WO tractor beams.

The Tsai are understandably upset, having had their weapons disarmed at the WO pyramid's doorstep, but, despite the obvious differences between bipedal humans and the tripod-like Tsai, a translation device helps solve the problem so we can continue our mission.

Galactic Geographic ©1998 Karl Koford **TO BE CONTINUED**

Curious yet frightened, the Tsailerol crew is seen above through the open hatch of their starship. The Tsai are expert astronomers who make starships out of asteroids.

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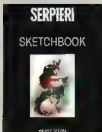
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THE TREND

Gothic Rock Revisited BY Meredith Bogard

Taken from *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, 1976: GOTHIC (gŏth'ĭk) adj. Also G. or pertaining to an architectural style prevalent in western Europe from the 12th through the 16th century, and characterized by pointed arches, rib vaulting, and flying buttresses. 4. Barbarous; uncivilized; primitive; crude. Often emphasizing the grotesque, mysterious, and desolate.

Taken from *Black Man's Gothic Rock Back Book*, 1988: GOTH-ĪC adj. Also Goth. 1. A or pertaining to the Goths, and their language. 2. Gothic, 3. Of or pertaining to a romanticized or literary style prevalent in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, which emphasizes the grotesque, mysterious and dark.

Taken from a more spiritual *Black Rock Back Book*, 1988: GOTH-ĪC adj. Also Goth. 1. A or pertaining to the Goths, and their language. 2. Gothic, 3. Of or pertaining to a romanticized or literary style prevalent in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, which emphasizes the grotesque, mysterious and dark.

Thus we have Gothic Rock Revisited John hands one and all, down the forgotten path into purgatory. I am the resurrected Angel leading you to another stage of Dante's "burning" hymns, the sophisticated, and endormented version.

We have only one circle of "hot-quite" hell. Inclusive are outsiders: The Guit, The Sister of Mercy, Peter Murphy (of Bauhaus fame), The Mission U.K., All About Eve, Ministry, Saurade and the Seraphs, The Damned, The Cramps, Fields of Nephilim, etc. Their primary existence dwelled their lairs throughout the 1980s, before the now-vintage heavy-glam-rock bands stole their stages. Well, raised though.

All bow down and pray to the noisily departed and misheard-on: Rott Williams of Christian Death, who decided a noose around the neck is far better than the unwelcome cigarette today's youth would unconsciously grant her. Sad story: Dying an unknown and undesiredly forgotten seed of darkness.

Goths or followers of the trade were known mostly to be happy, quarrelsome, obstinate travelers of road kill. Where hell broke out, you'd find the Goths, smiling all the while. Enjoying the chaotic atmosphere to a godlike measure. There were no rules. There was no ending down when the music stopped, so did they, and crawled back to guttural gloom, some daybreak.

They were perceived as vampires. Children of the night, and proud to be antisocial beyond the created realm of madness. Happy? Yes, Goths were quite content.

They were given many labels. For one of my favorites, The Cult, had lived long and hard in the limelight like growing benign cancer. Additive something you don't mind, and seek to welcome into your life. Hellbass cloaking coming from Ian Astbury as only Jim Morrison himself could relate it. The seductiveness of it all was mystifiable. And quite gruesome.

Love. It was love that did me in. Followed by a slightly weaker Electric album, discovered the love tale through an ex-boyfriend, explaining that "love is broader" my boyfriends by listening to "love" music, and not the pop/musical mediocrity of teeny-bopper JUMP-Ups to appreciate the heart that lies within. Ian Astbury had a presence about him that, powered young women, and threw away inhibited young men's minds. A dresser and an anarchist all in one.

Penetrating formerly from the not so staggering Southern Death Cult, The Cult did not make even a page in history until the Astbury hair grew long. Billy Duffy took a steeper front line as a spokesperson, and the Sanctuary was finally sold. The Mission was on the outside, and the newly named "Cult" stepped in to steal the show. It was quite banal.

Along with many cherished hate and threats of black-pink bodies, the shades were undeniably possessed by another ring leader: Andrew Eldritch, the pretty white, skeletal frontman of The Sisters of Mercy.

While Ian's focus was to sexually and sensationally arouse the audience, it appeared The Sisters were allowed to fill them with destructive visuals through lyrics. Though his presence alone could easily turn ones stomach towards dehydration, Eldritch's voice shivered the outside and sent you hunting.

Often compared to their "Gothic King" Peter Murphy, Elditch had fight to the notion that he's a mediocre singer and had no musical talent. Back then, he could be surpassed by age, thus stuck to his persona, never leaving in 1981.

Arguably later followed The Sisters frequently, admitting they were far better than the likes of Sex Gang Children and The Birthday Party. A few break-ups and substitutions later, The Cure was hit the Top 10, without a sign of relief. Domination and Lucidity that related themselves from Floodland and finally as quiet as they came into mainstream, they vanished.

Goths were not completely relating to soul music, although it helped sell their point. The most beautiful spectacle of them all with Pete Burns. Mr. Dead Or Alive. The big question will finally be answered - yes, love. He is a male, and no bullshit. Burns could stage the stage with his black Regency-style, slippery spin-dex costumes and the eye patch he dogged himself behind. His skin was porcelain and his make-up, flawless. A beautiful woman, an even more gorgeous man, attracting along the stage like a predator taking and tearing to the bone of New Spin Me Round. There is something in My House and the stageable Dead Or Alive bringing critics to their knees, and fans to the floor. Burns' gayness was extremely flamboyant, strutting his walk to the ultimate theatricality looking to boost their experimental where Burns was electric. A true attention-grabbing live (or birthday) on the scene, mind you. Profile thing piece of work. He was.

But hitting the bottom with Nude it was a game ending on zero and Dead Or Alive's platinum were nothing more of an 80s discotheque act, played as sweet sixteen parties. Girls who heard his sultry voice above the synthebeats could no longer distinguish this mega-star from Gloria Gaynor days.

Another rocker misjudged.

Characterizing Dead Or Alive as a gothic rock band is somewhat false. Although the stance is accurate, the sound could not fill the phantom that congregates the underground Goth dwellers in the same cloister. (Hey Pete, ever heard of producing a power ballad? Or something close to a minimal synthwave anitago?) I love my alternative Depeche Mode.

sound as much as the next person, but.....

Back to gothic rock.

Dance Society, Allen Sex-Frend Action Pact, Diskord Diskord featuring Jovny Slat, the more hellish circle last to the not quite so known. Existence lasted a split second, but soaked up for their own wickedness at the time.

Remember "Gothic Puppy"? The more sound of his group was stilling. A skinny puppy, a near death dog, a sound not so other.

Merly horror. But what a following they accumulated. And with a name like do other songs such as Epitaph and First Aid were going down in the goth history books with the likes of Ministry's Land of Rape and Music and With Sympathy.

You cannot discuss gothic rock without venturing into the depths of the damned. The Damned, the Misfits, a series of dark, dark, dark, the blackest music. Seta Lagotis, Bring Down's corpse back to us all. Paint the Bride of Frankenstein's headbashed to death and perform like The Cramps' Blkiss Girls With Machine Guns.

Images are essential to the art of creating goth and its glory.

But is this a little melodramatic?

Never to last to our realm of the music industry, nothing is to stay and prevail in the mainstream forever.

Scorper or later, they all figure that out. The glam rock bands - we will recall it a little later. The goth rock rip evading Christian we won't need to explain. The grunge Seattle sound which made Cobain's head catch a bullet.

Gothic Rock had its time and place. And will be awaiting its return with incredible patience, listening to Sailing Westerns to kill some time.

The Prodigy Marilyn Manson phenomenon might not withstand the century.

Stance.



THIS THING IS BLOWING MORE SMOKE
THAN THE HOLE THAT BLEW UP THE SPACE
SHUTTLE, COLUMBIA

THAT DOES IT
THIS SUCKS

WE HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT TO PUSH
THIS DONKEY BECAUSE
IF SOME KID COMES RACING
UP IN HIS SPEEDSTER

YOU KNOW THAT I'M
ACCEPTING DONATIONS
FOR A NEW CAR

AND WHEN YOU GET SOME MONEY
YOU COULD BUY GAS WHEN YOU
NEED IT, LIKE NOW

OF COURSE
YOU ARE
MAN

NOT BEFORE I BUY
MYSELF A HOT ROD,
BUDDY

SAID NOT TO SPEED. WAN
YOU TO PUT ME DOWNNNNN

CHECK OUT THE
ACCELERATION!
IT'S NOT EVEN ON RED
YET!

SON OF A
BITCH!

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN
HEAVEN

MAMACITA!

PUT ME DOWN! FOR THE LAST
TIME, BASTARD!





CENTRAL HOSPITAL
ONE YEAR
LATER

I KNOW... I KNOW
I'M A PIG. IN ALL THIS
TIME, I HAVEN'T COME TO SEE
YOU. FUCK OF COURSE
NOT! HOW COULD I? YOU'VE
BEEN IN A COMA FOR A YEAR
AND I'M ALIVE!

I SUFFERED TOO.
DAMMIT. AND I'M TELLING YOU
THAT I'VE HAD ENOUGH. TOMORROW
THEY'RE GOING TO DISCONNECT
THE MACHINES. I'VE COME TO TELL
YOU THAT, FUCK. PUA, DON'T DO
THIS TO ME. WAKE UP OR I'LL BE
BITTER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
WAKE UP, DAMMIT!

WAKE UP!!



EVA!

UH... HI!!

NURSE!!!

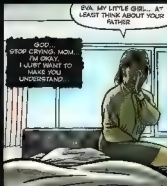
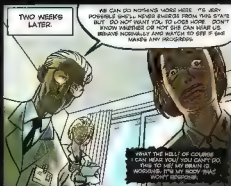
TWO WEEKS
LATER.

WE CAN DO NOTHING MORE HERE. IT'S VERY
POSSIBLE SHE'LL NEVER EMERGE FROM THIS STATE
BUT DO NOT WANT YOU TO LOSE HOPE. DON'T
KNOW WHETHER OR NOT SHE CAN HEAR US.
BEHAVE NORMALLY AND WATCH TO SEE IF SHE
MAKES ANY PROGRESS.

WHAT THE HELL? OF COURSE
I CAN HEAR YOU! YOU CAN'T DO
THIS TO ME! MY BRAIN IS
WORKING. IT'S MY BODY THAT
WON'T RESPOND.

EVA, MY LITTLE GIRL... AT
LEAST THINK ABOUT YOUR
FATHER

GOD...
STOP CRYING, MOM...
I'M OKAY.
I JUST WANT TO
MAKE YOU
UNDERSTAND...



THREE MONTHS
LATER

THAT'S IT MY LITTLE
ONE MAMA YOU
LIKE THE FOOD
MOMMY GIVES
YOU.

PURRRO, MOM! I'M 21 YEARS OLD.
AT LEAST THAT'S THE
LAST BIRTHDAY THAT
I REMEMBER.

AND NOW MY
LITTLE GIRL.

WE'RE GOING
TO WATCH OUR
FAVORITE TV
PROGRAMS.

WE'RE GOING
TO WATCH
OUR FAVORITE
PROGRAMS

IF YOU ONLY
KNEW HOW
MUCH I MISS
TV NOW.

I NEVER IMAGINED HOW DEPRESSING
AND ALIENATING TELEVISION COULD BE.
ESPECIALLY MONSIEUR OF THE PREMIUM
CHANNELS.

MY POOK MOTHER
THOUGHT SHE WAS
DOING ME A FAVOR.
THAT THE TV
CHANNELS WERE
SINCE EVERY FAMILY
IN THE WORLD
SPENDS HOURS IN
FRONT OF THE TELE-
VISION. IT WOULDN'T
ARRANGE FOR THE
TV TO BE ON ALL
THE TIME, BUT IF I
WEREN'T SO FUCKED
UP, IT WOULD HAVE
MADE ME TRULY
PAINED TO THINK OF
THE NUMBERS OF
SUSCRIPTORS WHO
WERE HOOKED ON
THIS SHIT.

EVERY DAY I HATED THE
WORLD A LITTLE MORE.
THE WORLD TAUNTED ME
THROUGH THE CHANNELS
OF THE TELEVISION SET.

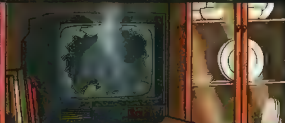
24-HOUR SET USED
TO BEER DRINK CONVERSERS
BY WHICH THEY DISSEM
UP THEIR FUCKING REVIEWS
GAGS. IT MORTALLY
WOUNDED ME THAT I'M
ALWAYS GOING TO BE
LIKE THIS NOTHING MORE.
I HATE THIS. I HATE THIS
WITH ALL THE BURNING
IN MY CANALS OF.

I THINK A COURT
WOULD STRIKE
THE BARR
AND DENIGLISH
EVERYTHING. THAT
DEATH WOULD TAKE
EVERY SHIN OF LIFE
FROM THESE SONS
OF BITCHES.

BOA



ALMOST TWO HOURS LATER
SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED.
I WAS CONVINCED I'D CAUSED
IT. MAYBE THE MIND, IN A
GREATLY ALTERED STATE,
CAN ACT ON OBJECTS... IN
ANY CASE, I'D DONE IT. MY
MOTHER UNDERSTOOD
NOTHING.



A WEEK LATER



I'VE HAD STRANGE DREAMS IN WHICH I
JUMP UP AND RUN AWAY, LAUGHING,
UPON AWAKENING. I KNOW IT WAS ALL
JUNE. NOW I REMEMBER THAT IN THE
TWO DREAMS SINCE I DREAMED CON-
SECUTIVELY I DROVE WITH A MURDER.
THERE ARE ONE OR
TWO IN THE HOUSE
ONE IN THE BATH-
ROOM AND THE
OTHER IN MY
MOTHER'S BEDROOM.
I HAVEN'T BEEN
KNOWLED OF EITHER
ONE.



A TECHNICIAN FINALLY
CAME. IT WAS TIME
TO TEST MY MENTAL
ABILITIES ON PEOPLE
INSTEAD OF OBJECTS...
WITH A GREAT EFFORT I
SUCCEEDED IN
RECREATING THE SCENE
EXACTLY AS I HAD NO
LONGER.



RECREATED THE SCENE
EXACTLY AS I HAD NO
LONGER.



SAT IN MY ROOM AND
THE MIND STILL
WOULD NOT LET ME
SINCE THAT MOMENT
I'VE JUST WANTED TO
DIE. EACH HOUR, EACH
MINUTE, EACH FERNAL
SECOND OF MY MIND-
ALtering AND PASTORIC
GIRL. THAT'S ALL I
WANTED WITH ALL THE
PAIN I WAS DRIVING,
BUT NOTHING
HAPPENED.

PAYE PASSED AND I WAS DESPERATE. I REMEMBER THAT A MAN, A PERSIAN-AMERICAN WHO WAS THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD, WAS GIVEN THE RIGHT TO A DECENT DEATH BY THE COURT. I CAN IMAGINE THOSE REFUGANT PAIN, ROMPUS WITH LIFE AND HEALTH TRAMPING ON THE RIGHTS OF THOSE WHO'D RUN OUT OF LUCK...

I TRIED NOT TO INVOLVE ANYONE, BUT I WASN'T SUCCESSFUL IN STAYING QUIET. ALL I MANAGED TO DO WAS GIVE MYSELF A SHARP PAIN ON MY HEAD. I BECAME MORE MISERABLE THAN EVER BEFORE. I REALIZED THAT I COULDN'T BE MY OWN EXECUTOR. INSTEAD, I WANTED IT TO BE MY MOTHER...

IF SOMEONE ELSE HAD TO DO IT, I WANTED THAT PERSON TO BE MY MOTHER.

EVERYONE WANTED TO LIVE. I WASN'T A THING, BUT I UNDERSTOOD MY POWER. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. NO ONE COULD BE HAVING PEOPLE KILL FROM INSIDE. I WAS ALONE, FOR REAL. IT WASN'T JUST A FEELING.

IT'S CRAZY TO DO THIS TO MY OWN MOTHER. IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN RIGHT FOR HER TO SPARE HER DAUGHTER IN ORDER FOR HER TO LIVE.

I'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER SOLUTION. BEFORE I GO CRAZY.

KNOW IT WHEN THEY WAKE UP FROM AN SLIPPING. IT WAS THE ONLY MOMENT OF PEACE I HAD SINCE I'D DISCOVERED MY POWERS. I'D SUCCEEDED IN STOPPING MY MOTHER FROM SURVIVING ON THE TV.

M. H. EVA
HEY, YOU LOOK
PRETTY GOOD,
BABE

I FELT THE PRESSURE RISE IN MY VEINS AT THE SIGHT OF TONY'S FACE. I DIDN'T LISTEN TO THE STIMULUS THAT CAME OUT OF HIS MOUTH, BUT I FELT MY GLANDS REJECT ADRENALINE INTO MY BODY.

AM GOING TO GET A
GLASS OF WATER.
WANT SOMETHING?

HIS PRESENCE HERE IS LIKE
RAIN IN SPRINGTIME. IT'S THE
SECOND TIME I'D SMELL HIM
SINCE THE ACCIDENT. THE
FIRST WAS WHEN I WOKE UP.
(BUT THIS TIME IS MORE
COMFORTING.)

HE SMELLS A BIT
UPPER, BUT THAT
WAS THE LEAST OF
IT...

SHOULD WE GO BACK
TODAY? IT'S DARK

WE CAN
STAY HERE
TODAY
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

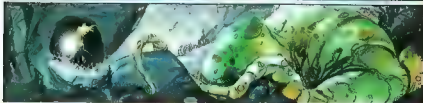
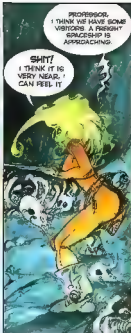
BUT HE'LL PAY
FOR IT.

AND,
SINCERELY...

...ALL IN GOOD
TIME...

LORNA: LEVIATHAN

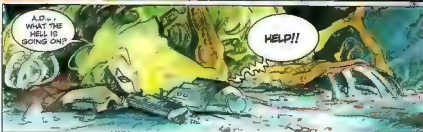
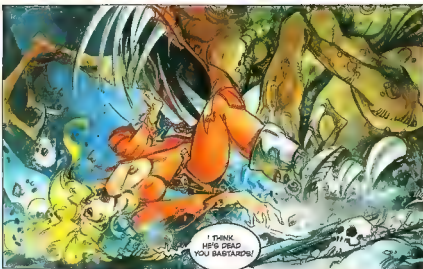


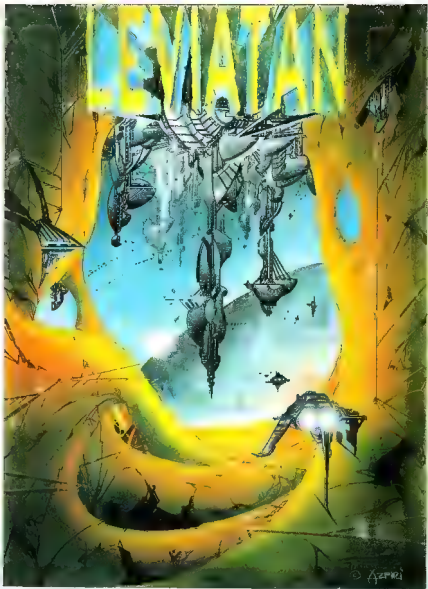


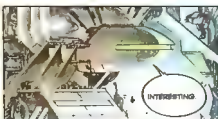


THEY ARE
ARMED!! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE TO
HIMP ARNOLD...
ANSWER ME









INTERESTING.



VERY INTERESTING.



WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY DO YOU WANT TO OBTAIN SUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM DOBNA??

HAVEN'T COME TO LISTEN TO YOUR WORDS. WILL PAY BILLS FOR THE INFORMATION.

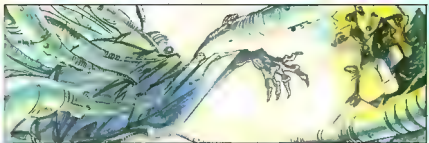


MY ACCESSSES ARE SO WIDE, ANY KIND OF DATA YOU COULD PROVIDE WOULD HELP PREVENT THE SLIGHTEST ERROR 'N MY SEARCH.



I DON'T THINK I CAN HELP YOU ANY FURTHER. ONLY HAVE THE MAGE WHICH WAS RECORDED BY THE DUFFY CAMERA OF MY SPACESHIP BEFORE MY ROBOTS WERE KIDNAPPED.





' I THINK ' HAVE WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR



THIS LOOKS LIKE IT BELONGS TO A MEMBER OF THE DROID RECRUITMENT FREIGHT

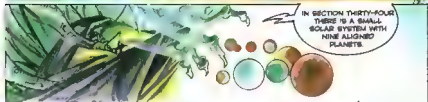
AND WHAT DO THEY USE ROBOTS FOR?



THERE ARE MANY USES FOR DROIDS, BUT IF THEY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED OR STOLEN THERE IS USUALLY ONE REASON WORK



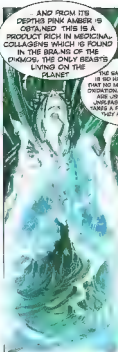
WORK?



IN SECTION THIRTY-FOUR THERE IS A SMALL SOLAR SYSTEM WITH NINE ALIGNED PLANETS



...THE THIRD ONE IS AGUATDAT, A GLOOMY PLANET SCOURGED BY THE OMNIAS STORMS. IT IS A WORLD COVERED BY WATER...



AND FROM ITS DEPTHS PINK AMBER IS OBTAINED. THIS IS A PRODUCT RICH IN MEDICINAL COLLAGENS WHICH IS FOUND IN THE BRANS OF THE DIKMOs, THE ONLY BEASTS LIVING ON THE PLANET.



AND WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THE ROBOTS?

THE SALTPEPER DEGREE IS SO HIGH ON THE PLANET THAT NO MACHINE SURVIVES THE OXIDATION. THAT IS WHY DROIDS ARE USED FOR THE MOST UNPLEASANT JOBS. IF ONLY TAKES A FEW MONTHS BEFORE THEY ARE DESTROYED.



I SEE... A LITTLE BIT OF TOURISM WON'T DO ME ANY HARM.



DIKMO HUNTERS ARE THE SCUM OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE. MANY NEVER COME BACK. SOME EVEN BECOME RICH AND POWERFUL.

IF YOU WANT TO GO THERE TO RESCUE YOUR DROIDS...



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN DO IT.

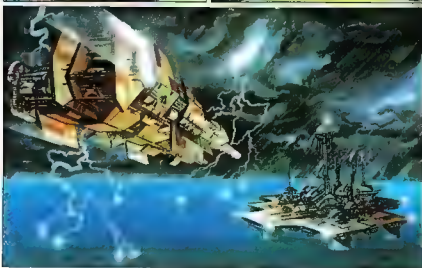




AND GOD HAS
PREPARED A BIG
FISH WHICH
WOULD SWALLOW
JONAH!



IT IS A TWO-WAY
LESSON. A LESSON FOR ALL
SINNERS AND ANOTHER ONE
FOR ME. AS THE PLOT OF THE
LIVING GOD JONAH DISOBEYED
THE COMMAND OF THE LORD, IT
IS NOT IMPORTANT WHAT THE
COMMAND MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
NOR HOW IT WAS
REVEALED

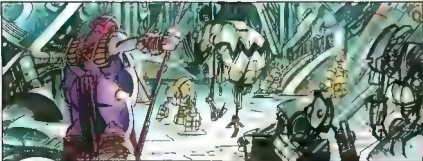


THEN GOD BROKE
TO THE FISH AND FROM
THE COLDEST AND Dullest
REGIONS OF THE SEA, THE WHALE
MOVED NEARER TO THE SOUNDINGS
OF THE MUSIC AND PLEASANT SUN,
AND THE DELIGHTS OF THE AIR AND
THE LAND TO FINALLY GET RED OF
JONAH!

REMEMBER!
"WRETCHED WILL
BE HE WHO IS MOVED
AWAY FROM HIS DUTIES
TO GO BY THE
DELIGHTS OF THE
WORLD."

WRETCHED WILL
BE HE WHO TRIES
TO THROW OIL OVER
THE WATERS

BROOOOO



IT'S HER
SHE'S INVESTIGATING
IN MY CIRCUITS

HER?

LORNA, SHE'S VERY NEAR
SHE'S TRYING TO FIND OUT
WHERE WE ARE

THANK THE
BALPETER'S I ALREADY
EXPECTED YOU WOULD
BUTTER KEEP ON WORKING
OR THEY'LL PUT AN END TO
US BEFORE THE BALPETER'S
DOES

YOU STUPID
THING! I'M
TELLING YOU
SHE'S HERE



HEY, YOU'RE NOT HERE TO TALK
LARRY ON WITH YOUR NOSE OR
YOU'LL SOON HAVE NOTHING
TO UTTER WORDS WITH
ANYMORE!

PEQUOD!





TIME TO GET
TO WORK



WOULD YOU
HAVE A DRINK
WITH A HUMBLE
FISHERMAN?

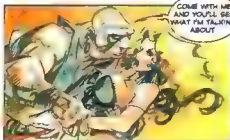


HEY! BOOKFACE!
I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU CAN HANDLE
-HER!

I DON'T THINK
THE TATTOOS
THAT SHE
WANTS!

AT LEAST
SHE'LL ANALISE
HERSELF DISCOVER-
ING THE TATTOOS
ON HIS BODY

CAN GIVE
YOU WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR!

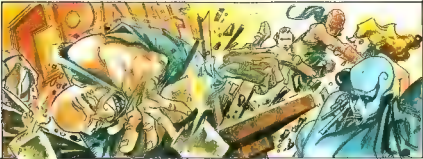


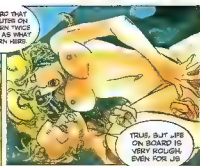
COME WITH ME
AND YOU'LL SEE
WHAT I'M TALKING
ABOUT



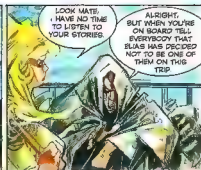
SHE'S
BUSY

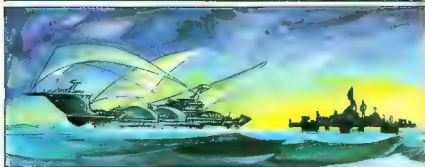
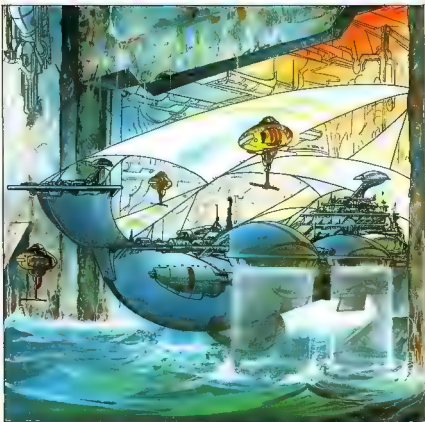
THIS IS
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS













HAVE ANY OF YOU
EVER SEEN THE
CAPTAIN?

DO YOU MEAN
AHAB? I'VE ONLY
HEARD HIS NAME



VERY FEW WOMEN HAVE
SHARED HIS BED.
APPARENTLY HE'S MISSING
A LEG AND THIS PLUS HIS
DISFIGURED FACE MAKE HIM
A MERCILESS LOVER

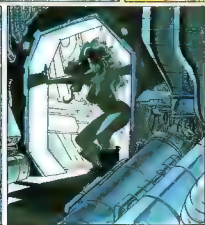
I ONCE MET A
GIRL WHO WAS WITH
HIM THREE YEARS AGO
AND THE SOUND OF HIS
NAME WAS ENOUGH TO
MAKE HER EYELASHES
STAND UP

IF HE FALLS IN MY
HANDS, I CAN ASSURE
YOU THE ONLY THING
STANDING UP WILL BE
HIS IVORY LEG.



WELL,
THAT AND
SOMETHING
ELSE.

HA... HA...
HA... HA

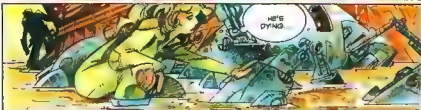


THEY MUST BE IN
HERE. I HAVEN'T
SEEN ANY ROBOTS
ON THE SHIP.

OKAY
I'M GOING
IN



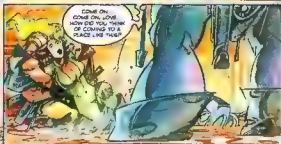
BRRR
REPLACEMENT
SECTION @
VALVE



HE'S
DYING

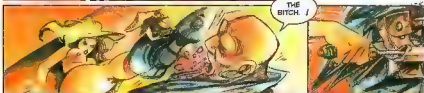
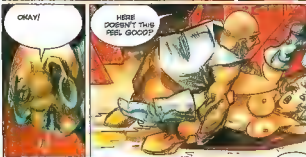


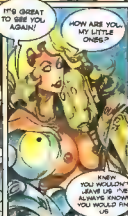
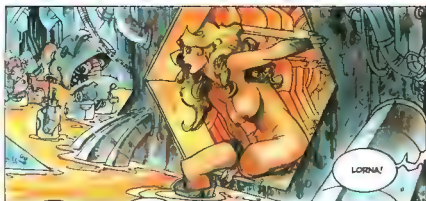
?!

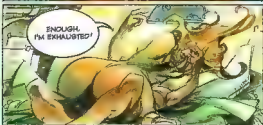
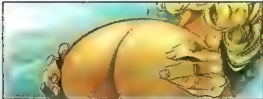


COME ON
COME ON, LOVE
HOW DID YOU THINK
OF COMING TO A
PLACE LIKE THIS?

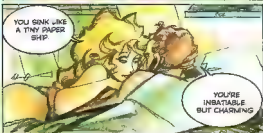






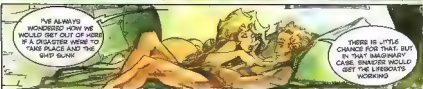


ENOUGH.
I'M EXHAUSTED!



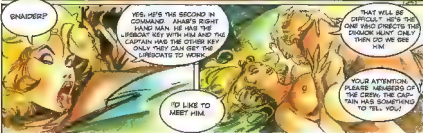
YOU SINK LIKE
A TINY PAPER
SHIP.

YOU'RE
INBATABLE
BUT CHARMING



I'VE ALWAYS
WONDERED HOW WE
WOULD GET OUT OF HERE
IF A DISASTER WERE TO
TAKE PLACE AND THE
SHIP SUNK

THERE IS LITTLE
CHANCE FOR THAT, BUT
IN THAT IMAGINARY
CASE, SNAIDER WOULD
GET THE LIFEBOATS
WORKING



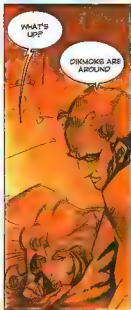
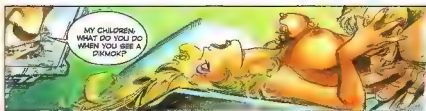
SNAIDERP

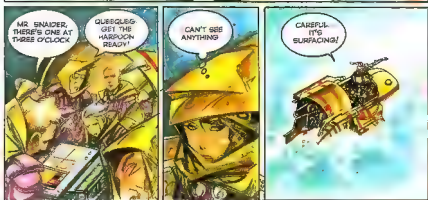
YES, HE'S THE SECOND IN
COMMAND. AHAB'S RIGHT
HAND MAN. HE HAS THE
LIFEBOAT KEY WITH HIM AND THE
CAPTAIN HAS THE OTHER KEY.
ONLY THEY CAN GET THE
LIFEBOATS TO WORK.

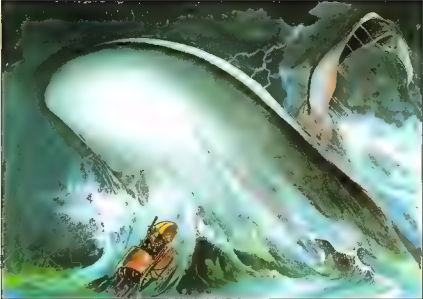
I'D LIKE TO
MEET HIM.

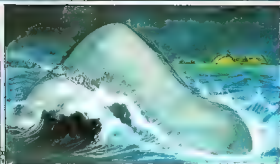
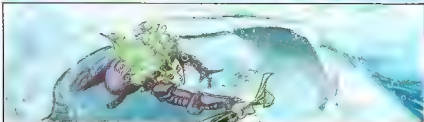
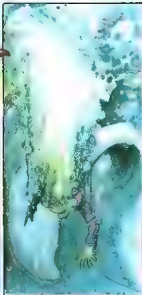
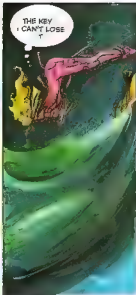
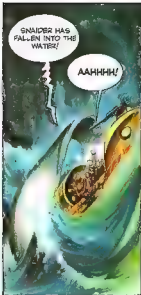
THAT WILL BE
DIFFICULT. HE'S THE
ONE WHO DIRECTS THE
DEADLOCK HUNT. ONLY
THEN DO WE SEE
HIM.

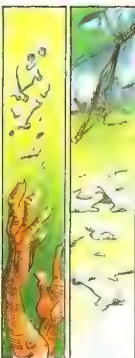
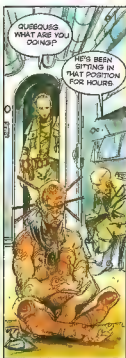
YOUR ATTENTION,
PLEASE. MEMBERS OF
THE CREW: THE CAP-
TAIN HAS SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU!













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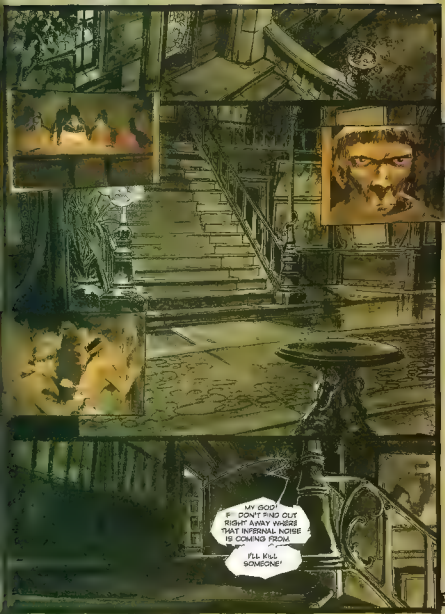
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THE INQUISITOR





MY GOD!
I DON'T FIND OUT
RIGHT AWAY WHERE
THAT INFERNAL NOISE
IS COMING FROM.

I'LL KILL
SOMEONE!



WHAT NOISE?!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WHAT NOISE?" YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU CAN'T HEAR THAT INFERNAL, INCESSANT "DRIPPING" SOUND?

NO! I CAN'T HEAR A THING AND YOU KNOW HOW SENSITIVE MY EARS ARE. WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO BACK TO BED AND TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP.

TRY TO SLEEP! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP AGAIN UNLESS YOU LOCATE THE SOURCE OF THAT DREADFUL NOISE!

PROMISES, PROMISES!



MAYBE IT'S THE PIPES.

THAT'S IT GOOD NIGHT!



I MUST BE A LEAK--- I MEAN IT SOUNDS LIKE WATER DRIPPING. IF IT'S SOMEWHERE UPSTAIRS IN THE ATTIC, THEN IT'S COMING DOWN INTO THE INN.

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE BLUEPRINTS.



WAIT!
I KNOW
WHAT IT IS



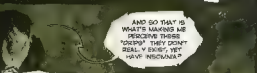
MMH P



IT'S THAT PAINTING YOU
WERE TRYING TO BUY AT
THE AUCTION THIS AFTER-
NOON-- THE ONE YOU
COULDN'T GET! IT'S JUST
I DON'T KNOW-- IT SEEMED
PRETTY IMPORTANT
TO YOU.

YES, OF
COURSE
BUT

WELL, THAT'S IT
THEN! TO HAVE HAD
IT UNDER YOUR NOSE
AND THEN LOSE IT MUST
HAVE BEEN REALLY
IRKING!



AND SO THAT IS
WHAT'S MAKING ME
PERCEIVE THESE
"DRIPS" THEY DON'T
REAL Y EXIST, YET
HAVE INSOMNIA?



DON'T SAY THAT
MAYBE THERE'S A BIRD
NESTING UNDER THE
ROOF, LIKE THE ONE
FROM LAST
SUMMER



MAYBE IT'S JUST THE
WOOD OF THE HOUSE
CREAKING. IT WAS VERY
HOT TODAY!

COME ON,
COME BACK TO
BED. YOU'LL
SEE, IT'LL
STOP

HMM. YOU'RE
RIGHT ON AT LEAST
ONE POINT-- I WOULD
HAVE SOLD MY SOUL
TO THE DEVIL TO
OWN THAT
PAINTING



CAN'T HELP OBSESSING
OVER IT-- AN UNKNOWN
WORK DEPICTING BERNARDO
GUL, GRAND INQUISITOR OF
THE HOLY OFFICE!



PLOC

DO YOU RECALL
HERETIC FOR THE LAST
TIME. URGE YOU TO REVEAL
THE TRUTH IN YOUR SOUL.
THAT YOU CAN NO LONGER
HIDE FROM YOURSELF!

PLOC

YOUR BEING
UNREASONABLE
HOW COULD ONE
POOR, INSECURE
GIRL BE ABLE TO
LEAD AN EXISTENCE
DEDICATED TO
SCHOLARLY STUD-
IES? AND I'M NOT
EVEN TALKING

ABOUT
THE JES THAT CON-
STRAIN YOU.

PLOC

PLOC

BECAUSE YOU REFUSE TO
SUBMIT, JUST TO UTTER A
FEW WORDS YOU WILL SUFFER
THROUGH THIS UNREASONABLE
TORTURE TO THE END.

THE TRUTH
HAVE ALREADY TOLD
YOU, BERNARDO GUIL
CLERGYMEN WHO OWN
LAND WILL BE DAMNED!

OUR FAITH DOES NOT
PERMIT US TO WALLOW
IN RICHES.

I REPEAT THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES
ARE THE ONLY TRUE
SOURCE OF WEALTH--
THE TEACHINGS OF
CHRIST OUR LORD!
THE PAPACY AND ITS
ORDERS OPEN
THE DOOR TO
HELL!

PLOC

MMM... EXECUTIONER
BRING IN THE WOMAN.
HER PRESENCE MIGHT
PERSUADE OUR GUEST
TO BE A BIT MORE
DISCERNING.



BEG OF YOU,
SIR!! DON'T DO
ANYTHING BAD
TO ME!!

CARRY OUT YOUR
DUTY, EXECUTIONER,
AND REMEMBER THAT I WISH
TO SEE NO BLOOD

DO YOU SEE
WHAT YOUR
STUBBORNNESS IS
FORCING ME TO DO?

SOONER OR LATER
YOU WILL END UP
RENOUNCING YOUR
HERESY. SO, WHY ALL THIS
POINTLESS SUFFERING?

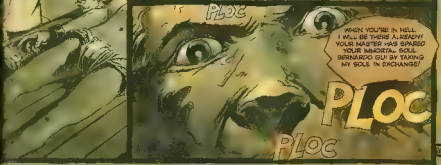


THIS WILL NOT
LEAD YOU TO BE
JUDGED ANY
DIFFERENTLY
THIS WILL ONLY
BRING YOU CLOSER
TO THE DOORS
OF HELL!

YOU WILL BE FOUND
UNWORTHY FOR YOUR
HATRED, YOUR INDUL-
GENCES. NEITHER THE
BLOOD OF CHRIST NOR
THE HOLY TESTAMENT
OF GOD WILL SAVE
YOU!

PLOC

GOD MUST BE
LOVED AND
RECEIVED WITH
SIMPLICITY



WHEN YOU'RE IN HELL,
I WILL BE THERE, READY!
YOUR MASTER HAS SAVED
YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL
BERNARDO GUI BY TAKING
MY SOUL IN EXCHANGE!

PLOC

PLOC





FIN

THE END

THE

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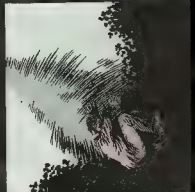


The Upturned Stone

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TAKING A RYING COACH ON
A MOVING TRAIN

THE CAT



AND WHEN I COME TO, THERE'S
A LADYBUD SITTING ON MY
THUMB. GOOD SIGN.

SPRAINED ANKLE. HURTS SO MUCH I WANT TO
YELL. NOT VERY PRACTICAL DURING AN
ESCAPE.



WELL... COUNT ME IN OUR MAN: I'M A LOSER.

IT'S PRETTY WEIRD-- THEY DAY BEFORE I GOT THE LETTER FROM MOM, TO DREAMED ABOUT THE WILD CAT. WE WERE FACE TO FACE, LOOKING EACH OTHER RIGHT IN THE EYES.

WE DID SAY YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL IF SOMEONE'S A LOSER BY THEIR APPEARANCE. THEY LET THEMSELVES GO, AS IF THEY'RE ANTICIPATING THEIR OWN DEFEAT INTO OBLIVION, AS IF THEY'RE TRYING TO DRAW ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THEY'RE A LOSER.



ALL OF THEM, THEY WERE THE SAME. ALL THE LET-
TAMERS, AND TWO DAYS LATER, I ESCAPED.

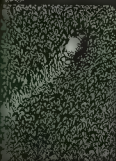
IF THE SCENE HAD TO THINK THE
GONE, WELL, I FOUND OUT WHERE I'M
GOING.

WE SAY NOT. SO FAR, I'M ESCAPED
THE. LOSELY BECAUSE I HAVE NO
BROTHERS, I'M GOING.



IN THE FIELD, I GORSE MYSELF
WITH DOWN. I MUST LOOK LIKE A
PREDATOR. IT'S WHAT I AM, AFTER
ALL.

THE ODD SHAPED, ROOF OF THE FARM CUTS INTO THE HORIZON. NO LIGHTS ARE OFF, NOW.
MUST BE AT THE HOSPITAL SITTING BY THE OLD MAN'S SIDE.





IN THE KITCHEN I AM SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY THE FAMILIAR ODOR. IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE.



I ALMOST GET THE FEELING IT'S GOING TO BE MY FATHER. BUT NO, IT'S NOT. I AM MY BIG BOY.



NO TIME TO GET LAME.



I WASH UP QUICKLY AND PUT ON SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S CLOTHES. THEY'RE A LITTLE TOO TIGHT BUT GOOD ENOUGH.



IN THE BARN, I MAKE MYSELF A BELT USING A COUPLE OF BOARDS. I'M ABOUT READY TO LEAVE WHEN I REMEMBER THE COLT KEY.



IT DOESN'T WORRY ME TOO MUCH ABOUT BUSTING OPEN THE DRESSER DRAWER. THE GUNS WHERE IT ALWAYS IS- LOADED.



I STARE STARE AT THE DRAWER AS I LEAVE. FOR A PRETTY MOMENT, I SAW HIM. I WASN'T MINDING OVER IN THE OLD LIGHT.



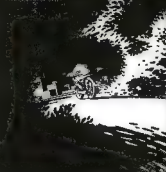
WIP BACK TO THE BARN TO
SEE THE COVER OFF MY OLD
SHOES. SHE'S STILL THERE, AND
THE SHINE GLISTENS LIKE SIL-
VER. THE OLD MAN'S FRETTER
SET UP IN MY ABSENCE.



HE STARTS UP ON THE THIRD KICK,
AND THEN GOOD MORN. I TAKE OFF.



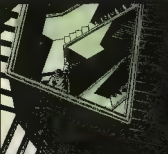
LIGHTNING RIPS OPEN A BLINDING WHITE
HOLE IN THE SKY.



THE HEAD NURSE STARES AT ME WITH AN ODD EXPRESSION, NOT WISHING TO
DRAW ATTENTION TO MYSELF. I TELL HIM I'M EXPECTED.



SHE SENDS ME UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR, TO
ADMINISTRATION. I TAKE THE STAIRS TO AVOID
PEOPLE. MY ANKLE HURTS... SHOES BROKE
TOO SMALL FOR MY INJURED FOOT.



FEELS LIKE IT'S FRACTURED... I GO UP
TO A ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR
SOMEBODY.



THERE'S A FAT GUY, WITH BOTH HIS
LEGS IN TRACTION. SNORES LOUDLY.
HE'S FROWNING. A REAL SERIOUS
SUBJECT. I PRESS THE EMERGENCY
ALARM AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.



"SWEET DREAMS, SNOOZER!" I TELL
HIM.



I GIVE MYSELF A GLANCE IN THE
BATHROOM MIRROR. I ALMOST
LOOK LIKE A DOCTOR.

THIS TIME I TAKE THE
ELEVATOR, AND I GO DOWN
TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

IN FRONT OF 222, THERE'S A GUY WITH PINK HAIR AND
A BARE FACE WHO'S READING A JOE NIMMAGRAM.



HERE WE GO. HE UNDERSTANDS
WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!



AFTER I STRAIGHTEN MYSELF
UP, I SEE HIM, LOOKING AT
ME FROM THE DOORWAY.
HORRIFIED.

SHE'D GOTTEN OLDER, AND SHE'D BECOME
SMALLER. I NOTICE SHE WEIGHED NEXT TO
NOTHING, A FRAGILE PILE OF BONES.



HE PUSHES ME AWAY AND HIS
STAIN-EXPRESSIONLESS VOICE
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME.



I DON'T RESPOND.
TOO MUCH TO SAY.



THE ROOM SMELLS OF BLOOD, AND THE SOUND OF
UNUSUAL, PERMANENT...



THE DOOR OF DEATH...



THE BACK OF HIS HEAD IS LIKE A MONSTROUS BALLOON
OF SLURPED FLUID, WITH BLOOD. A BURST ANEURYSM. HE
NEVER WAKES UP. HE'S LIKE A VEGETABLE IN HIS EYES.
NAI, COME.



FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ME AND DAD HAD TRAILED THAT
CAT. HE'D GIVEN US A GOOD TRAIL TO FOLLOW. THAT'S FOR SURE.



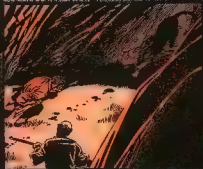
FINALLY, I SUCCEEDED IN HITTING THE CAT. BUT THE CAT WASN'T DEAD.
YOU WOULDN'T LIVE FOR VERY LONG. BUT THE CAT WASN'T DEAD.
SAVES OF BLOOD. I SAID TO MY OLD MAN, LET ME GO TO THE
HOSPITAL. YOU'LL FIND THE CAT.



THE OLD MAN LOOKED AT ME LIKE I'D SAID SOMETHING INSANE. "HE'S MORTALLY WOUNDED. HE HAS THE RIGHT TO A DECENT DEATH. GOT TO FINISH WHAT'S STARTED, SON."

WE CONTINUED TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL, AND FINALLY WE CORNERED THE ANIMAL IN A ROCKY ENCLOSURE. "GO ON, SON, DO IT PROPERLY," WHISPERED MY FATHER.

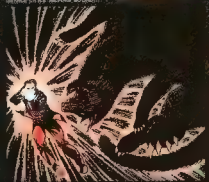
"YES, DO IT!" IT SEEMED TO SAY TO ME. "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOU'VE GOT ME. I'M FINISHED!"



I NEED TO GET OUT OF A POLICE HOLE, A GUNSHOT HELMS SOUNDING

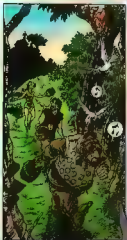
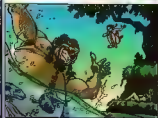
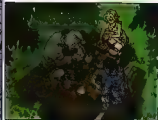
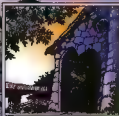
HE TREMBLED FOR A MINUTE MORE, AND THEN HE RELAXED. IT WAS WEIRD... I HAD THE FEELING I WASN'T REALLY FINISHED WITH HIM.

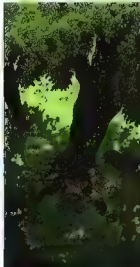
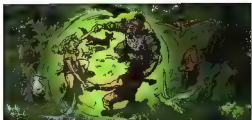
A SPIN BRINGS ME BACK TO REALITY. AN AMBULANCE OR THE CORPSE MY MOTHER'S NO LONGER THERE. BABY FACE IS GROWLING BY THE RADIATOR.



O'NIGHT, DAD

WHY HEROES NEVER TAKE VACATIONS







THAT'S HOW HEROES NORMALLY SPEND THEIR TIME
BUT WE USUALLY DON'T SHOW THAT. BECAUSE
FRANKLY, YOU'D RATHER SEE THEM DISMEMBERED
AN ORC OR SAVE THE WORLD. ISN'T THAT TRUE,
MY DEAR READER?

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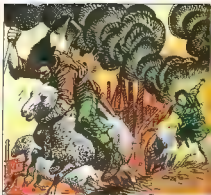
THE SWALLWS, THE CULTURES AND THE BRIDGE



FOR THE PART IN MEANS WE HAVE
FOLLOWED THE COURSE OF THE
SWALLWS ON A LONG TRIP THAT HAS
BROUGHT US TO THE HOT SOUTH. IT IS FAR
FROM THE FIRST SNOWS THAT BROUGHT
HUNGER AND SUFFERING



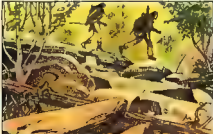
THE CULTURES SMALL GANGS THAT
WOULD DESTROY ONE ANOTHER
WHEN THEY MET FACE TO FACE WERE
ALSO GOING IN THE DIRECTION TO
THE SOUTH. MURDERING AND
ROBBING THE PLAGUE IN HUMAN
FORM





WELL, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE NOW, BEFORE WE GET CAUGHT!





"A LITTLE LATER MY GENEROUS AND IMPULSIVE "JAPAN" BEGAN TO HAVE REGRETS ABOUT HER GOOD DEED. WE COULDN'T RISK GETTING OURSELVES CAUGHT IN THE VALLEY. THE VULTURES WILL BLAME THE BIRD WHO WAS NOT IN THE GROUP AND THEY WILL BE OUT ON WATCH TOO MUCH DANGER SO I CHOSE A HARD AND WICKED MOUNTAINOUS PATH THAT WAS ESPONG AT MY INSIDES



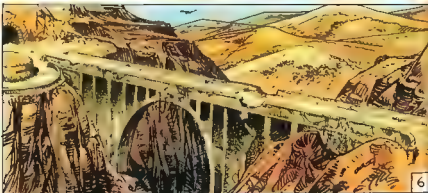


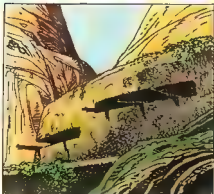
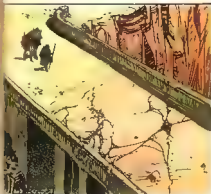


DO YOU THINK THE
VULTURES ARE STILL
FOLLOWING US?

I DON'T THINK THERE IS
ANY WAY OF KNOWING
FOR SURE. THE FARTHER
WE GET THE BETTER
WE'LL SLEEP

LOOK, THE BRIDGE THAT
THE SPOKE ABOUT! THAT
TUNNEL GOES THROUGH
THE MOUNTAIN AND STOPS
AT THE NEXT VALLEY!!



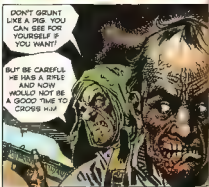
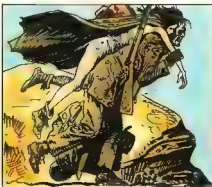




CURSED ONE!



DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE BECAUSE THEY'LL TELL EVERYONE THAT THE BRIDGE IS A TRAP. YOU MORONS!



DON'T GRUNT LIKE A PIG. YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF IF YOU WANT!

BUT BE CAREFUL HE HAS A RIFLE AND NOW WOULD NOT BE A GOOD TIME TO CROSS HIM



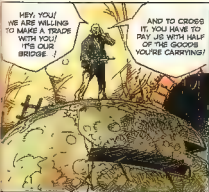
I OUGHT TO LET HER DIE LET HER DIG HER OWN GRAVE!

SO, YOU WOULD JUST ABANDON HER LIKE A SICK DOG

SO, THEN I GUESS I SHOULD LEARN NOT TO RISK MY LIFE FOR ANYONE. ISN'T THAT SO?



BIT MY TONGUE WE BOTH KNEW NEITHER ONE OF US WOULD DO WHAT WE SAID YOU CAN'T BE TOUGH AND LATER BE A FOOL SH ROMANTIC I MADE ME HAPPY TO KNOW TERESA WAS ALRIGHT



HEY, YOU!
WE ARE WILLING
TO MAKE A TRADE
WITH YOU!
IT'S OUR
BRIDGE!

AND TO CROSS
IT, YOU HAVE TO
PAY US WITH HALF
OF THE GOODS
YOU'RE CARRYING!



SHIT!
THOSE DOGS HAVE
REDISCOVERED THE
TOLL!



WHAT DO YA SAY,
WE DON'T WANT TO
KILL YOU!

SO, WE'RE
WILLING TO
NEGOTIATE GIVE US
WHAT WE WANT AND WE'LL
ELIMINATE ALL FURTHER
TRAPS ALONG THE
CROSSINGS! WHAT'S
IT GOING
TO BE?



CRACK!



SAW HIM FLY IN THE SKY AND I KNEW
THAT HE GOT OUR MESSAGE LOUD AND
CLEAR



LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE
BEFORE HIS
FRIENDS RESPOND!

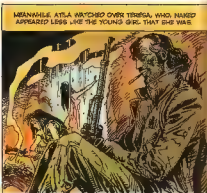
WE CAN HIDE
OURSELVES IN
THE CAVE FOR
TONIGHT



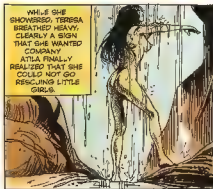
FOR TONIGHT, TOMORROW
AND THE NEXT MAY
WE CAN'T CONTINUE OUR
JOURNEY WITHOUT
RUNNING INTO THE
VULTURES



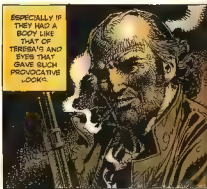
THE CAVE WAS OUR HOME
FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS.
I KILLED TIME BY WATCHING
OVER THE HIGHWAY



MEANWHILE, ATILA WATCHED OVER TERESA, WHO, NAKED,
APPEARED LESS LIKE THE YOUNG GIRL THAT SHE WAS



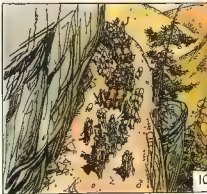
WHILE SHE
SHOWERED, TERESA
BREATHED HEAVY,
CLEARLY A SIGN
THAT SHE WANTED
COMPANY.
ATILA FINALLY
REALIZED THAT SHE
COULD NOT GO
RESCUING LITTLE
GIRLS.



ESPECIALLY IF
THEY HAD A
BODY LIKE
THAT OF
TERESA'S AND
EYES THAT
GAVE SUCH
PROVOCATIVE
LOOKS.



PUT OUT THE
FIRE! THE
GROUP OF
VULTURES ARE
APPROACHING
THE BRIDGE!



LET'S GO
ATELA
WE HAVE TO
PREVENT AN
AGREEMENT
AMONG THEM

WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL
VIEW!

YOU, AT THE BRIDGE
AS FOR ME, TO THE
CHIEF VULTURE

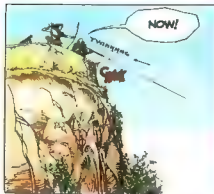
10 LAMBEKIN
AND 3 CUPS OF
WHEAT AND THEN
YOU CAN PASS ON
THE BRIDGE!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THAT,
VNMONGOP?

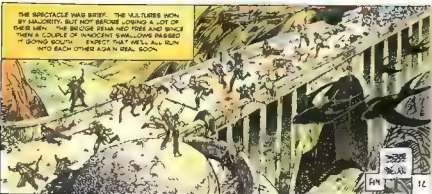
TELL THEM
YES AND TRY
TO SEE HOW
MANY OF
THEM THERE
ARE

IF WE
OUTNUMBER
THEM, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO CUT
THEIR THROATS
OPEN.

WE CAN'T LEAVE
THERE'S A LOT OF
THEM . THEY'LL TRY TO
JUMP US!



THE SPECTACLE WAS BRIEF. THE VULTURES WON BY MAJORITY, BUT NOT BEFORE LOSING A LOT OF THEIR MEN. THE BRIDGE REMAINED FREE AND SINCE THEN A COUPLE OF INNOCENT SWALLOWS PASSED IT GOING SOUTH. EXPECT THAT WE'LL ALL RUN INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN REAL SOON.



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AT THE
BEGINNING
WAS DARK-
NESS... AND
THEN THERE
WAS LIGHT.

AT THE BEGINNING WAS DARKNESS

IMPERCEPTIBLE,
IT SLIPPED IN
THROUGH A VEIL
OF AWARE-
NESS...



TWO STRANGE OBJECTS WITH
SMALL PARTS.
THEY BELONG ME OF
SOMETHING



HANDS! YES!...
BUT WHOSE?



WHEN I WISH THEM TO
MOVE, THEY MOVE!

IT MEANS THEY
ARE MINE

AND THIS BODY
IT IS MINE ALSO



EVEN THOUGH I FEEL
NOTHING, IT BELONGS
TO ME

MY MIND IS SLOWLY FORMING.



REMEMBER
BUT NOT THE
PIECE THAT
MADE UP MY
MEMORY



AND YET ONLY
SHARDS OF BOMB
MISCELLANEOUS
WORTHLESS FRAGMENTS
OF DETAILS LONG
FORTHGONE

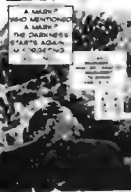


AN EMPTY
AND THEN
DARKNESS



EVERYBODY ELSE IS DEAD. EXCEPT
FOR ME. WHO AM I? WHO IS MY
IDENTIFICATION MARK. EVERYBODY
WAS ONE

THE NAME WAS
A NAME. WHY AM I
ALIVE?



A MARK?
WHO MENTIONED
A MARK?
THE DARKNESS
STARTS AGAIN
UNDOING

AN
IDENTIFICATION
MARK. WHY AM I
ALIVE?



IN THE
DARKNESS...



AND THEN THERE
WAS LIGHT. SUPER-
NOVA. IT GLAZED
IN THROUGH A HOLE
OF APOCALYPSE.

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LORD TYLER

BLACK ONLY
LARGE & X-LARGE
\$15.95

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Front



Image on Back

AUTHENTIC, HEAVY MOTORCYCLE JACKET

Above Image: F.A.K.K.² leather jacket. Below Image: THE MOVIE (embroidered on back). Left Sleeve: Heavy, Right Sleeve: Metal (screen printed). L and XL only. **Special Bonus!** Inside of jacket personally signed by Kevin Eastman, Julie Strain, and Simon Bisley.

MSRP

BLACK LEATHER JACKET

Above Image: F.A.K.K.² leather jacket. Below Image: F.A.K.K.², below Image: THE MOVIE (embroidered on back). Left Sleeve: Heavy, Right Sleeve: Metal (screen printed). L and XL only. **Special Bonus!** Inside of jacket personally signed by Kevin Eastman, Julie Strain, and Simon Bisley.

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(Includes 1 1/2" standup)

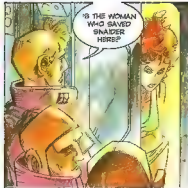
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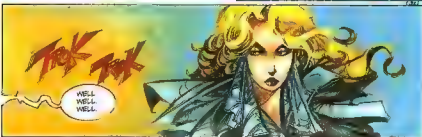
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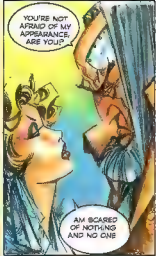




SO YOU'RE THE
WOMAN WHO SAVED
ONE OF MY MEN FROM
CERTAIN DEATH?



I KNOW HOW
TO APPRECIATE
COURAGE WHEN IT
COMES BY



YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF MY
APPEARANCE,
ARE YOU?

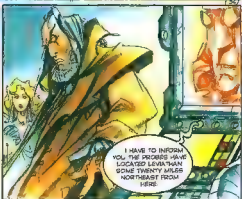
AM SCARED
OF NOTHING
AND NO ONE

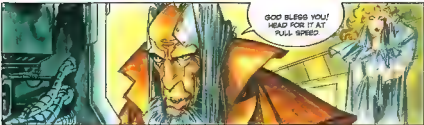


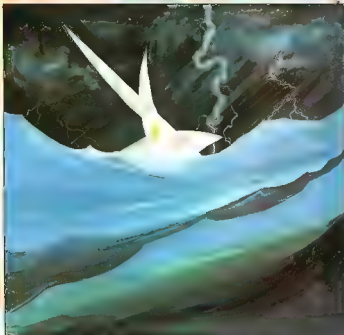
GOOD.
LET'S DRINK TO
THAT



DO YOU LIKE MY
CAB-UP? IT WAS "TAKEN
TWENTY YEARS OF MY
LIFE TO GET A HOLD
OF ALL THIS

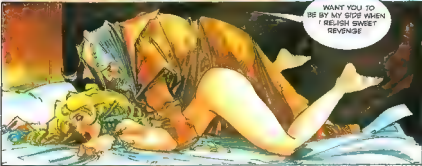




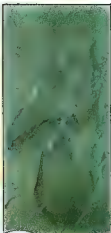




YOU LOOK A
LITTLE WEAK
BUT DON'T
WORRY, IT WILL
SOON PASS



WANT YOU TO
BE BY MY SIDE WHEN
I RELISH SWEET
REVENGE





COME ON, QUEEQUES!
ALL MEN ARE AT
THEIR POSTS

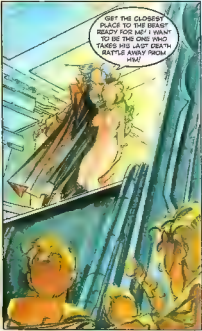
I'LL WAIT FOR
YOU IN OUR
SHROUD



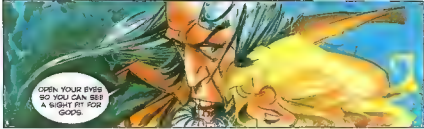
HURRY UP IF
YOU WANT TO BE
RICK. THAT BEAST
MOVES AT GREAT
SPEED



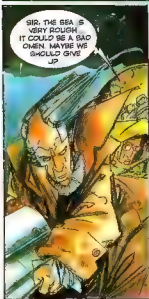
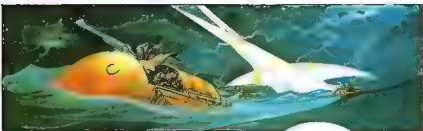
MY
BOYS!



GET THE CLOSEST
PLACE FOR ME! I WANT
TO BE THE ONE WHO
TAKES HIS LAST DEATH
RATTLE AWAY FROM
HIM!



OPEN YOUR EYES
SO YOU CAN SEE
A SIGHT FIT FOR
GODS.



SIR, THE SEA IS
VERY ROUGH.
IT COULD BE A BAD
OMEN. MAYBE WE
SHOULD GIVE
UP.



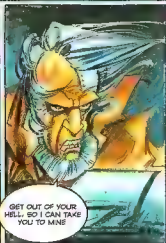
GIVE UP,
YOU SAY?



GO TO THE OTHER END
OF THE BOAT SO I WON'T
BE ABLE TO HEAR YOUR
CONVULSIVE WHISPERING. AND
DON'T SWAY THE BOAT. I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FORWARD
TO FOR SO LONG.

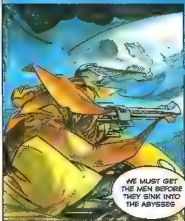


QUICKLY,
DON'T LET IT
ESCAPE!





Artista ③



WE MUST GET
THE MEN BEFORE
THEY SINK INTO
THE ABYSSSES



THERE'S NO TIME
FOR THAT. WE'LL
PICK THEM UP
LATER.

THERE ARE TWO MOTOR PADDLE BOATS. GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

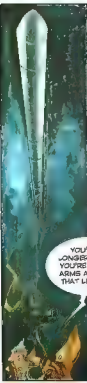
COME WITH ME.

MY PLACE IS NEXT TO AHAH

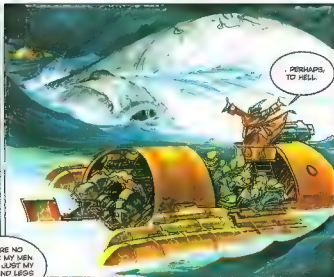
IT'S TURNING AROUND!
IT'S COMING TOWARDS US!

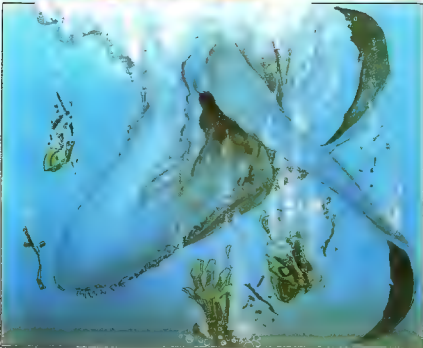
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,
WE MUST GIVE UP.
THIS IS WORSE THAN
THE DEVIL'S
MADNESS!

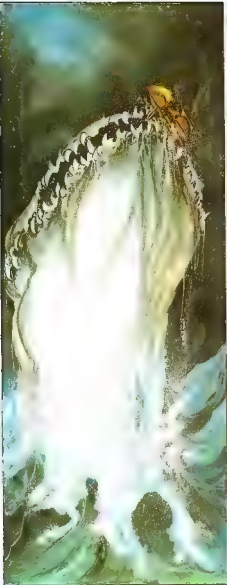
ARE WE
GOING TO LET IT
CARRY US DOWN
TO HELP?

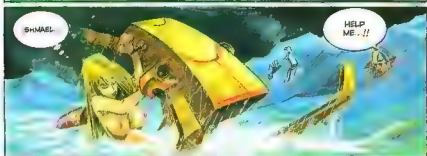
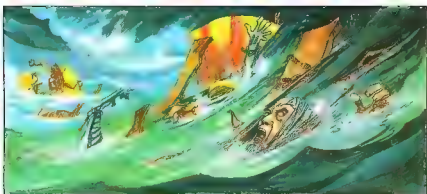


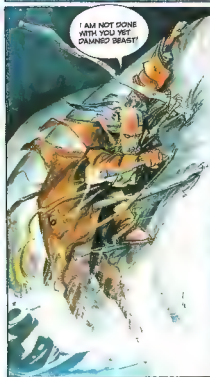
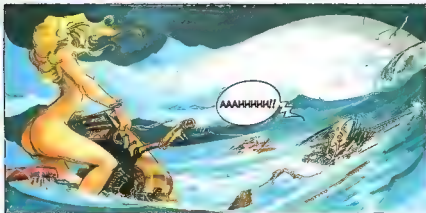
YOU'RE NO
LONGER MY MEN
YOU'RE JUST MY
ARMS AND LEGS
THAT LEAD ME





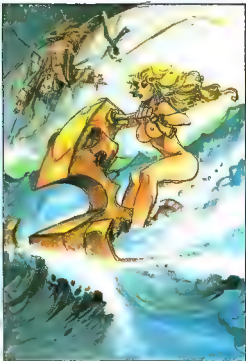


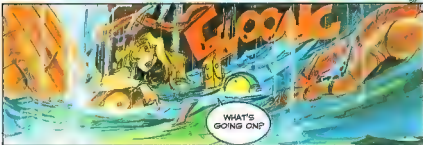
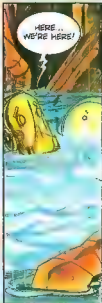
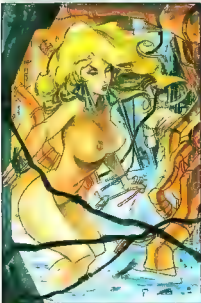


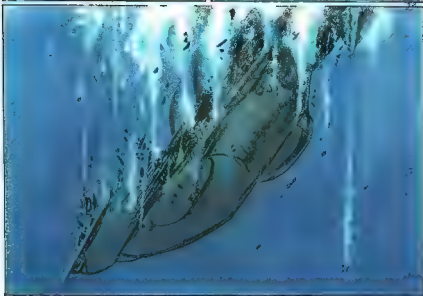
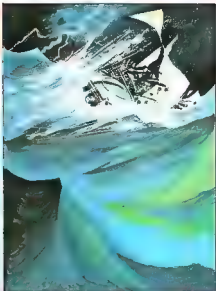
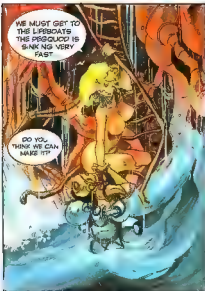


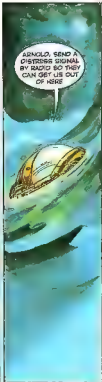
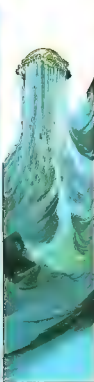
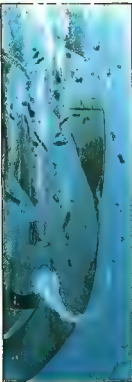


IT'S GOING
TO THE
PESLUOD











IT'S BEEN
HORRIBLE. THEY
TREATED US AS
LIKE WE WERE
HUMANS.

AHAS SUNK WITH HIS SHIP. AND JUST LIKE
SATAN, HE DIDN'T WANT TO SINK INTO HELL
WITHOUT A PIECE OF THE SKY TO COVER
HIMSELF WITH.

AND THE GREAT OCEAN SHROUD
WENT ON RIPPLING, AS IT HAD
PROBABLY DONE MILLIONS OF
YEARS AGO.

PORTFOLIO MADNESS

WARM
WINDS

DAVID ARNOLD



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"WARM WINDS"



SIMON BISLEY

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QUEEN OF THE B MOVIES
AND INSPIRATION FOR FAKK



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